UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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Each bud unfolding to the light
God makes a resurrection flower,
A fresh awakening from the night
To covenant the morning hour.

Seek in the soul with eager care,
And loving, reverential mood,
To find the new life springing there
In larger hope of nobler good.

We bow before the Power that suns
A glorious beauty from the sod;
Through all the universe it runs,
This vital, wakening touch of God.

MARY S. SAVAGE.

W. J. Bryan, in the *Commoner,* finds three fundamental influences at work in the world undermining plutocracy, viz: 1. The spread of intelligence. 2. The steady movement towards popular government. 3. The world growing better, moral standards rising. Ethical rules are being applied and the conscience condemns plutocracy.

Martha Bensley Bruère, in a spirited article entitled "Chance *vs.* the Budget," published in *Collier's* for April 29, writes brilliantly of how the farmer's wife, co-operating with her husband, can manage to keep out of debt and get along if she has been to college and is able to apply the wisdom of the college to the problems of the farm. But the author was a city girl and is a city wife. We wish the enterprising *Collier's* would scurry around and find a farmer's wife who can write such a brilliant story out of her experience. This story of Mrs. Breure looks good on paper and we know of no reason why it might not work, but we should like to hear from those who have tried it.

We are glad to see that the Universalist Publishing House of Boston has issued a volume containing the sermons, twelve in number, delivered in the Universalist Churches of America by the Rev. John Hunter, D. D., the great free pulpiteer of Glasgow, under the title of "God and Life." Dr. Hunter's itinerary throughout this country a few years ago, under the direction of the Universalist Central Office, was a spiritual propaganda of rare power. He interpreted life in terms of duty. Religion was put by him in the present tense and God was made a matter of personal experience. The subjects of these sermons are stimulating and invite further pursuit: "The Simplicity and Breadth of True Religion," "The Vision of a Man," "The Holy War," "The Unchanging God," "The Cost of Progress," etc., etc. The volume is rich in high sentiments, expressed by a man of vision in terms of universal sympathy.

A mere outsider cannot hope to understand the complexities of feminine politics, woman's ambitions and sisterly hatreds and rivalries that involve the proud descendants of heroes who delight in calling themselves "Daughters of the Revolution," "Daughters of the American Revolution," "Colonial Dames," and what not, but between their quarrels we see that with their superfluous time and dimes they are able to discover occasionally a shrine and install a bronze tablet here and there for the benefit of the granddaughters that are to come. The last monumental tablet that has come under our notice is that recorded in *Collier's Magazine,* which is placed upon "Split Rock," near the last home of Anne Hutchinson, the Prophetess who was banished by Massachusetts. May this tablet remind the quarreling sisters that popularity is not always a measure of worth or evidence of merit. History seems to have a partiality for the defeated.

The recent deaths of John Page Hopps in England and of Abraham W. Jackson in this country have removed from the Unitarian ministry of both countries two conspicuous representatives. Mr. Hopps was for many years an efficient and tireless exponent of the cheerful gospel. Dr. Jackson, less efficient in the pulpit, was still beloved and revered as a painstaking student and an excellent interpreter of the gospel of reason and of light. Among his many contributions to the literature of the denomination stands conspicuously his work on James Martineau, of whom he was clearly the most painstaking interpreter on this side of the water. In these two men the vocation of the ministry was glorified and the need of the minister still vindicated. Many young men now in their college years and ambitious for public service may do well to ponder upon the outcome of such lives before they decide against the ministry which beckons them.

Carter Harrison, the Mayor-elect of Chicago, is anxious to be considered a progressive man. He got his election on a straight fight against certain disreputable men and measures in his own party. He is a gentleman of clean habits and high tastes. He wants to be classed among the reformers, but his political inheritance, training and environment are such that he accepts unblushingly and without apology the fell motto, "To the victors belong the spoils." Last fall the Democratic party swept the County Offices clean of Republicans and farmed out an income of three millions or more in salaries to faithful Democrats as a reward for services rendered or as a bid for services expected. This spring Mayor Harrison proposes to do the same thing with the City Hall. A "clean sweep" is his own word. The Chicago *Democratic Bulletin* of April 26 gives a list of twenty-six appointments already made, which represent a totality of annual salaries of over $116,000. Three of these appointments represent $10,000 each in salaries and eight of them $5,000 and upwards each, and this is only a beginning, for more appointments are expected this week. So subtle have been the corruptions of politics, so deadening have been the habits of politicians, that even respectable and would-be decent citizens read such announcements as these with a smile unmoved by a sense of righteous indignation, untouched with humiliation over the scandalous practice.

The *Congregationalist* reports that it costs $10 a month to support an orphan in a religious asylum in New York, and less than $5 each in asylums supported by the city. Our neighbor disposes of the problem with a pleasantry by saying: "We hope the brand of religion supplied is worth the difference." But UNITY has long been in the habit of taking this problem seriously. All the so-called asylums for normal orphans, religious or otherwise, are medieval survivals. Modern sociological science has not only pointed out but demonstrated a better way. If dependent children, normal in body and mind, must be supported by the State or by private charity, why should they not be given shelter in normal homes in the country where they will grow up as individuals, interested in normal functions in school and church, and in such play and work as are provided for children in normal homes. If the vast amount of capital invested in non-productive stone walls, in salaries and other up-keep expenses, were directly invested in paying the board of such children in country homes and for the adequate superintendency of the same, the results would be vastly better, as is proved by the experience of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and other states and countries where "Child-placing" has been regularly carried on under the supervision and patronage of the State. The religious asylums are the most insurmountable obstacles in the way of the higher and more humane provision for the innocent wards of the State, and in this opposition there are always elements of denominational ambitions, pride of administration, the deceptive activities and inspirations of leisure class industries.

President Taft, in his recent address in the Unitarian Church at Washington, divided the constituency of that church into three classes, viz:

1. Washington Unitarians who look forward to worshiping in the Unitarian Church all their lives.
2. Temporary residents in the city.
3. That class, not visible, described by Senator Hoar, a member and attendant of that church, when he asked a brother senator, "What is your church that you don't go to?"

We fear that the third class is the most numerous constituency of many Unitarian Churches outside of Washington.

The *Congregationalist* quotes a president of a Catholic Total Abstinence Society as saying, "The world does not know that our church here in America has exhorted all Catholics engaged in the liquor business to leave it." While admitting this claim, our contemporary still justly suggests that "If the Roman hierarchy were as strongly against the liquor business as they are against modernism, they would put the ban on it; they would refuse to take the money made in that business; they would shut the doors of the church here and the gates of heaven hereafter against liquor manufacturers and dealers. Then a remarkable change would come over the liquor business in America and over the Catholic Church also." We fear the Catholic Church is not the only one open to this rebuke of our exchange. The Lutheran Church, so rigid in its orhtodoxy, excuses, or at least overlooks glaring violations of that standard of religion which forbids the debauchery of human beings with liquor, and there are others. We fear that where there is money enough, particularly if coupled with social prestige and open-handed charity, those who figure high profits in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants have also a respectable place in the confidences of the churches.

Chicago is Interested in the Peace Movement

The Chicago Peace Society scored another triumph last Saturday evening. The Gold Room in the Auditorium Hotel was occupied by nearly three hundred banqueters. Of course the settings were beautiful and the menu was adequate, but these conditions of the banquet are not the ones to be estimated. The personnel of those who broke bread together represented the serious-minded, warm-hearted men and women of Chicago. The editor of UNITY exchanged reminiscences with Miss Jane Addams over the striking transformation from the time when the Peace Society of Chicago held meeting after meeting in the attempt to persuade themselves that they were advancing a cause, while the late lamented Dr. Thomas and Miss Addams, with one or two others and the writer, represented the whole organized force.

The President, Banker L. A. Goddard, presided, with the dignity, tact and lofty seriousness that were congenial to the earnest company.

George E. Roberts, the first President of the Society, now Superintendent of the Mint in Washington, came from the Capital City to bear testimony to his growing interest in the cause and to bring fresh arguments to enforce the great contention against war, adding to the economic and statesman-like considerations a "human touch" which reached the hearts of everybody. He told of a widowed neighbor whose only son recently fell a belated victim to the Philippine atrocities, and this bereaved mother brought from far and near the confidences of other bereaved fathers and mothers who confessed their agony, hoping it might somehow strengthen the sufferer, for they too had lost sons who had fallen victims to the relentless demands of the same war.

Mr. Roberts was followed by the Baron D'Estournelles de Constant of France, who is about completing a three months' itinerary through the United States as a representative of the Peace Movement of Europe. The Baron visited Chicago ten years ago as a guest of the Union League Club, and he told the company that he then received his encouragement to go on and give as much of his life to the cause as circumstances would permit. He said in part:

I will never forget that I was the guest of your Union League Club. You gave me my first encouragement. I said at that time that our mutual ancestors had discovered and created your country, and then conquered together your liberty. But this is not enough. We cannot be satisfied by enjoying their legacy. We have to do something more. We have to found peace for the generations who are to come.

Peace is nothing of a dream now. It is a practical organization. Everybody understands that. American public opinion has been unanimous in supporting your government in its efforts to organize arbitration. All your public statesmen are strongly in favor of it—my friend William Jennings Bryan as well as my friend Colonel Roosevelt. We admire what President Taft has done in that way. Look at the speeches delivered yesterday by the leaders of the British parliament in London to support his proposition.

Arbitration now is the necessary coronation of modern progress. War is not only waste of blood and of money, but paralysis of national work. War will at once stop all progress and cut your future in its roots. It is true chiefly of young countries having to face universal competition. You will be handicapped by nations who have no military expenditures and who can give all their force to productive work.

After reducing to an absurdity the American phantom of a war with Japan or Mexico by recounting his own search for the same in traveling from Washington to San Francisco, he said:

Nobody would ever speak of war if the people knew more of arbitration. They don't know enough of what is The Hague organization, how The Hague court has already settled several big cases, like the Dogger-Bank and the Casabianca conflicts. We have to teach them, to explain to them.

Public opinion is waiting for this new education of our times. They have to understand exactly what means a treaty of arbitration. Arthur Balfour said yesterday in London that it would be bad to make treaties for an opinion one is not prepared to execute. He is right. He wants, as we do, arbitration with no deception. He wants, as we do, a good education of the people, who have not only to wish arbitration treaties, but to submit to these treaties.

The signature of a treaty is a great thing; its execution is still better.

Look at the admirable execution for nearly a century of your treaty with Great Britain concerning the disarmament of the Canadian frontier. It is not the letter only, it is the spirit of the two nations which have faithfully executed it that we admire.

What we have now to do is to finish our work of education. It is to prepare, all over the world, the people for self discipline and the free acceptation of reason and justice for the settlement of their quarrels.

When the Baron was introduced the company rose to greet him. There was prolonged cheering and waving of handkerchiefs and, at the close of his remarks, similar demonstrations testified to the fact that he had an audience that understood him.

The Baron was followed by William Jennings Bryan, who was introduced by the President, as follows: "He is internationally known as a most distinguished man, one who has his own convictions and is not afraid to speak them." Mr. Bryan spoke from the lofty standpoint of a citizen of the world, and showed that his inspirations were from the deep sources of a faith in human brotherhood and a confidence in the eternal forces. His characterization of the Baron was applicable to himself when he said:

He can speak of brotherhood to those who feel a kinship with their fellows and he can show the criminal folly of war to those engaged in trade and commerce, but the characteristic that has struck me most forcibly is his faith. His belief in peace outruns all argument, and it is because he takes hold of the unseen that he has shown such a dauntless courage. He illustrates, too, a very important fact, namely, that one borrows strength for a great cause.

Speaking for himself he said:

I am sure that the Baron will not regard it as detracting from his personal merit and from the long service he has rendered to the cause of peace when I say that it is true of him, as of all others who render great service, that he is a reflector of light—light that shines for the holy cause which he has espoused with so much earnestness. He has grown with the cause; he has gone into partnership with forces that are external; he rejoices in the certainty of victory, because truth is omnipotent and must prevail.

There is only one excuse that can be made for war, namely, that man has not yet brought the brutal instincts under control of the reason and the heart. To despair of peace would be to despair of progress among men. Some have

hoped to bring peace by an increase of armament, in the hope that the world might be frightened away from war or driven into peace by the weight of military armament. We are glad to welcome any encouragement that may come from this source, but it ought not to require the exhaustion of nations to convince us that the ruin of all concerned is the end of rivalry in the building of battle ships.

I am a believer in an entirely different theory. I fear the encouragement of the military spirit. I fear that the building of battle ships will inflame the passion for war, rather than frighten us into peace. I believe that the road to peace lies rather in the culture of the spirit of peace and friendship. Love begets love. I have more faith in the power of a good example than in the terror excited by thirteen-inch guns.

At the close of Mr. Bryan's speech a vote of thanks to the speakers and a message of fellowship to our fellow Republicans across the sea were entrusted to the French Baron, and the banquet was closed with a benediction by the editor of UNITY, who acted as Chaplain for the evening.

On Sunday evening the vast audience gathered at Orchestra Hall under the auspices of the Sunday Evening Club had another opportunity of listening to the Baron de Constant and the unexpected and unannounced pleasure of hearing from Mr. Bryan again. Still later Sunday evening, the Alliance Francaise, assembled at the La Salle Hotel, had the pleasure of listening to an address from their countryman, and he and citizen Bryan were entertained at a luncheon on Saturday noon as the guests of Cyrus H. McCormick.

Altogether it was a fitting anniversary of the Chicago Peace Society, which was inaugurated nearly two years ago and has been nourished into strength and worked into efficiency through the competency of its Secretary, Rev. Charles A. Beals, whose removal here was a benign capture which robbed Massachusetts in order to enrich Illinois. The Chicago Peace Society is an exponent of the faith and piety of Chicago. It expresses Chicago's faith in principle and its loyalty to the fundamental law of love. It is in accord with the churches and the preachers, but it is distinctively a body of laymen and laywomen and, what is more gratifying, of prominent representatives of Chicago's business. Its President is a banker and its executive committee is largely made up of business men, who, for the most part, are deeply engrossed in their business pursuits. Around the table of the Chicago Peace Society, millionaires forget their millions and gladly touch elbows and clasp hands with those whose business it is to promulgate ideas, to dispense charities, to ameliorate the severities of life. The Peace Society of Chicago is a rallying point for right-minded people up and down the social scale.. It is a worthy point for such rallies. Let other cities go and do likewise.

A bluebell springs upon the ledge,
A lark sits singing in the hedge;
Sweet perfumes scent the balmy air,
And life is brimming everywhere.
What lark and breeze and bluebell sing,
Is Spring, Spring, Spring.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

THE PULPIT

Life's Handicaps

SERMON BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

"Now Naaman was a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper." *II. Kings* 5:1.

Hardly any chapter in the Book of the Kings is more arresting than the story of Naaman. He was a rough warrior in an antique age, but he may teach us that a man can do his work in the world, even a great work, despite a terrible handicap. Smitten with the white leprosy,—a slowly developing malady, ending in utter absence of feeling,—which wrought its horror under the skin and did not require exclusion from society, he not only served his king in high office, but saved his country in a critical hour. But alas, the story of his healing too often obscures the fine heroism of the man.

Here was courage of the first order, all the more noble because it was not born of hope. "While there is life there is hope," was a maxim that did not apply in his case; for he knew that, humanly speaking, the further his path stretched into the future, the harder it would become. If a man was ever justified in giving away to self-pity, or indulging in the luxury of despair, surely he was the man. Instead, he faced the hard fact as it was, went to his task carrying the weight of a dead hope, and did not only his duty but a noble work in his day. This lesson is for us,—that we may learn to make the best of a hard lot, and not let it make the worst of us. Nor is there any lesson which we need more to take to heart, if so be that we may attain to wisdom.

If we go past the shell of the story to its kernel, we find that Naaman, so far from being exceptional, was really a typical man. His handicap was unusual only as to its form, not as to its fact. Every man has a handicap of some sort, except perhaps the egotist, whose handicap is so obvious that it need not be mentioned. As has been well said, if all pain left its mark on the forehead, if, like the leprosy of Naaman, it could be seen at once, there would be an end of envy among men. No man in Damascus envied Naaman his popularity and success. There was the position and the power and the fame,—and the leprosy. So it is with the man who is the most envied by his fellows, and with whom many would fain change places. He has his satisfactions and joys which all men see, but he has also his hidden sorrows, his unknown baffllements, and his secret martyrdoms. Could we but realize this, envy would give place to sympathy, kindliness, and pity.

No one need be told that our mistakes in life are often sad handicaps. Our tendency is to account for them singly, giving a separate explanation for each separate mistake, in our effort to extenuate them. Outsiders trace our errors to one central flaw in our nature, to some weakness which our blunders betray when we are put to the test. Thus they have no difficulty in explaining them, and they witness them without surprise, knowing that they will be repeated until we heal or repair the primary defect. For the most part they are near the right, but it is not always so. As a fact we are often mistaken about our mistakes, some of which turn out in the end to be the wisest things we ever did. Our mistakes, bad as some of them are, need not be our worst handicaps, unless we

make them so by brooding too much over them.

Some handicaps inhere in the very conditions of our human life. The fact that we are caught in this mortal coil, doomed to wear a muddy vesture of decay, is itself a handicap to the ascending soul. Like Lorenzo, in "The Merchant of Venice," the heavy flesh dulls our ears and we do not hear the skyey melody. How insistent in the lives of the saints is the complaint, which often becomes a plaint, that the body is a weight upon the spirit. Asceticism was an attempt, heroic but futile, to escape that handicap. However willing the spirit may be, the flesh is weak —sometimes pitifully, tragically weak. Even the Master was aweary as he sat by the well, and the disciples fell asleep in the Garden of Sorrow. Men like Newman and Emerson have, apparently, no struggle with physical passion, while other men are doomed to fight the beast day by day. What Browning wrote in "Paracelsus" is true of our human lot as Augustine and Robert Burns knew it, and as many of us know it only too well. There is an inmost center in us all, where the soul abides, and

> Around, wall upon wall,
> The gross flesh hems it in,
> A baffling carnal mesh
> Blinds it, and works error.

Then there are the inevitable limits of thought, of insight, of personality, beyond which we may not go. In high moments we seem to be on the point of stepping across those invisible lines, which move with us like the horizon; but the tide of inspiration ebbs, and the old barriers become painfully distinct. Not only philosophy and art, but friendship feels the handicap of this impalpable, but none the less impassable, wall which imprisons the soul. We speak of bearing the burdens of another, whereas we can hardly lift more than a splinter of his load, though we may shout words of good cheer to him in his loneliness. There is something appalling in the fact that man must live for fifty or seventy years alone with himself, and if for any reason that companionship is unhappy his life must be dreary and forlorn. Unless every resource of enlargement and enrichment is used, he will find himself a hermit in a bare hut. The longer one lives in this dark world where each is a veiled mystery to his fellows, the more eager he is to seize every thread of love, every token of good will. All the saints assure us that there is a way whereby a man may be "never less alone than when alone," and happy is he who finds it.

Few realize the tyranny of temperament and mood. Reason as we will, our outlook upon life is largely, if not entirely, a matter of temperament. Subtly it tinges the soul, and most of all in those moments when the deeper forces of being play through the mind. Hardy and Meredith were friends and fellow dwellers in the house of life, but they lived in different rooms. From his window Hardy saw Egdon Heath at twilight, while Meredith from his room saw a sunlit scene. One who stands for an hour at the Hardy window will be glad to go to the Meredith room, where the sunlight pours in like a flood. Since we live in a palace there is no reason why we should sit down and stay in one room, least of all a dark room. As sons of the house let us enjoy the freedom of it, not forgetting the oratory in the dome with its lengthening vistas and lifting skies. No doubt temperament is imperious, but it can be modified to some extent.

As for moods, they defy analysis and will not listen to reason, but seize and bind us without warning. They seem to be only wisps of feeling, yet they have a strange power and may so handicap us as to unfit us for our tasks. The only way to deal with dark and ugly moods is to knock them down and walk right over them on our way to the next duty. Otherwise they will fasten themselves upon us and become fixed states of mind, fatal handicaps to all fruitful effort. There is no tyrant like a melancholy mood. Nor is there any friend quite like a lofty mood, which seems to give wings to the mind in its search after truth. How many precious things —visions, confidences, and joyous escapes—have been ours by virtue of gracious moods. Many an unforgettable Bible stanza—a pathetic half-light, or a glint of sunburst hope—is only a flitting mood caught and fixed in undying words. A magical mood, dross-drained and luminous, has more than once changed the whole life of a man, and made it new.

So far as our handicaps are due to environment, misfortune, or habits, they may be overcome. Even those awful calamities of which one hardly dare speak, evoke in their victims powers of which they were not aware. Examples are abundant and thrilling. Symonds changed his retreat in the high Alps, whither he had fled for health, into a sanctuary of culture. Doom early rested upon Stevenson; but instead of sitting down to whine, he struck a note of lyric gaiety so heroic and compelling that it sent all men back to the fight. Who can imagine the emotions of a Matheson, a young man with a dream of scholarship, smitten blind in the morning of life! Here was a handicap to baffle and appall the stoutest heart. Yet had it not been for that handicap perhaps his name would not now be known beyond a small circle. Shut off from the beauty of the world, his inner eye was unsealed, and his "Studies in the Portrait of Christ" is a classic. His great hymn, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," is an echo of his struggle, a cry of bereavement and a shout of victory.

Truly, the hard, unalterable thing may be faced and the victory won. A cloud of witnesses testify that the sad inevitable is not the unconquerable, and that a man need not be happy in order to be useful; but that he is happy, when happy at all, because he is useful. These men, and others like them, who changed their weights into wings, show us that it takes more than blighted health, broken dreams and baffled hopes to ruin the life of a man. Even those —and such there are—whom fate has stripped bare, bereft and hedged about, as if to bar them from joy, need not give up. There are yet sources of usefulness and joy of which none but ourselves can rob us.

All of us, whether such has ever been our plight or not, will do well to learn the secret of Jane Farfrae, of whom Hardy tells us in one of his stories. He allows her a measure of happiness, despite his theory of the doubtful honor of a brief transit through a sorry world. He has to allow it, because she would have found it anyway. Her secret was that "of making limited opportunities endurable; which she deemed to consist in the cunning enlargement by a species of microscopic treatment, even to the magnitude of positive pleasure, of those minute forms of satisfaction that offer themselves to every-

body not in positive pain; which thus handled have much the same inspiriting effect upon life as wider interests cursorily embraced." Ah, those words are worth their weight in gold. It was by that same secret that Charles Lamb overcame his frightful handicap and left us his heroic legend. So also Cowper, whose mind was the victim of fits of insanity, and who wrote on the window of a madhouse the words of his sublime hymn—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

If this secret—almost too simple to be found out—helped a poor shattered soul to defy defeat, surely we may use it to our profit. No one need be told that these things are not easy to do. We know how the iron entered the soul of Thackeray and remained, when the mind of his wife fell into decay. He was never again really happy, but he did noble work to the end. Max Muller tells us that till his daughter died he had an endless delight in life, but when she vanished she took all the spring with her. Great and good men are bowed low by such bereavements, and some of them never rise. To chide them were blasphemy, but there is a way to overcome even the sad handicap which the death of those we love imposes upon us. Many things are worse than the death of one near to us, though

Never morning wore to evening
But some heart did break.

Far worse is it for a man to lose faith and fail to recover it. One can bear anything so long as he has a firm hold upon spiritual reality; but when that becomes dim and dreamlike he is left unanchored and adrift, at the mercy of every wind. He may lose faith in a dogma and grasp a deeper and more satisfying confidence, but when the old creed does not give place to a larger and sweeter faith, he is of all men the most forlorn. Arthur Clough is an example of a man, highly gifted, whose wings were broken in this way, and never healed. It is pathetic to follow the path of his life and note how little came of his fine powers, which promised so much to the world, because he lost faith. Romanes was another who lost faith, though happily he found it again, and he has told us on a classic page what sufferings fall to the lot of a man who has love without faith. Men lose faith by carelessness and neglect of the culture of the soul more often than by shock, and what they lose they may find.

But of all the handicaps in this mortal life sin is the most terrible. It poisons the springs of life, pollutes the fountains of character and of manhood, and defiles what is most hallowed upon earth. Yet this most awful handicap may be overcome by the grace and mercy of God. There is a river of God, flowing bank-full in the midst of the years, wherein if a man bathe as Naaman dipped in the river Jordan, the leprosy of sin,—the black leprosy that eats away the higher life, the habit that enthralls and stains, the lust that defiles,—is washed clear, and the soul becomes as the soul of a little child, albeit stronger, sadder and wiser. Here the evidence is so overwhelming that it bursts into song and rises to the heights of victorious melody. The thing is simply true, and if a more blessed fact has ever floated into human ken, no man can name it.

For the rest, for those inevitable handicaps which no one can escape or overcome—the handicaps of the flesh, of the impassable limits of thought and personality—it is permitted us to hope that when at last we bathe in that other and darker river of which Jordan has long been an emblem, we shall then be free of them,—that the infinite pain that throbs forever in the heart of man shall be healed, and that the loneliness and longing that haunt all earthly music whatsoever shall be heard no more. Yet so much that is fine and beautiful has come of our being handicapped,—all, indeed, that is of enduring worth and grace in our mortal life,—that we may see, even while here in this mesh and coil of flesh, a hint of why it is so.

CORRESPONDENCE

An American in Cuba

These are trying days for Latin republics. Those that are not cradling insurrections are sowing the seed for harvest, and Cuba is no exception.

I do not pretend to speak with deep knowledge, for no one can know what is before this island. Today is, tomorrow ends with an interrogation point.

The Liberals are in power, having come in with the second American Intervention, two years ago, and have two more years before them, if indeed the machinery will hold together for that length of time.

The hope of the more thoughtful is that the ranks of the Liberals will become permanently severed, throwing the majority again with the Conservatives, the element that General Wood selected with so much care and discretion and which formed the bulwark of the Palma administration. There is a lingering memory of appreciation of those days, and of those men and of that nation across the way that came to their rescue. But few care to express themselves concerning our latest help (?). Those who do, however, speak with emphasis. They call it the "ante-election star-act for the American voters' gallery." At any rate the wish was fulfilled, the "barefoots" are in power. Palma, loved by every one, is in his grave, dead of a broken heart. He saved millions for this country; he died in poverty. The treasury is looted. Officials, in debt two years ago, are now millionaires, franchises are meted out right and left, natural resources bartered to the highest briber, and a heavy bond pending, and whether the island remains independent or not, she will have to face and fight in poverty and distress the problems that Greed and Graft have fastened upon her.

Perhaps it is not becoming for one from the United States to criticise on this score. It does awaken grim visages from our home city and San Francisco and Pennsylvania, and dear old Ohio, but I am only echoing the street, the club and parlor and the records of the congress just adjourned. The last act was a sale of the port of Havana to private capitalists, increasing the tariff on all freights from $.25 a thousand to $.70 for American and $.80 for that of other countries. For thirty years the island will be drained to pad and over-pad a few multimillionaires.

The great weakness of Cuba lies in the fact that her business men, her creative forces, have no voice in her government. They are Americans, Spanish,

English, and a sprinkling of French and German who retain citizenship in their own countries. The Cubans, never wealthy as a people, lost the little they possessed in the long years of struggle for independence.

Do they wish to become a part of the United States? Those who are not citizens do, and some citizens in hours of discouragement long for American absorption, but generally speaking, they do not. They fought for freedom and want it. Americans are not Latins. Conventions, language and manners are different, and besides, the taste of the last Intervention lingers in the mouth.

But if Cubans have much to learn of government, they have much to teach others. We can sit at their feet and grow wiser. We can study their good roads, transportation service,—all types,—benevolent institutions, care of immigrants, protection of strangers, government homes for working men, municipal manners, and far and above anything known to our country and, as far as I know, to other countries, the splendid work of its associations.

There are three clubs in Havana, each with a membership of over 25,000. For a fee of $1.50 a month everything except the necessaries of life are given to its members and their families. Each club owns a palatial home in the center of the city, where all are welcome. Instruction is given in kindergarten, music, art, science, literature, language and crafts,—sewing, embroidery, cooking, etc.; all forms of amusement: dancing, fencing, bathing, social functions, care for the sick at hospitals, which they own. All doctors,' surgeons' and dentists' bills are free. These clubs are splendid inspirational examples of the brotherly life.

I should like to speak of the great women of Cuba, great under exceptional difficulties, but this little word was intended only for a note of greeting across the gulf.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

Havana, Cuba.

Is Unitarianism for College Men Only?—A Reply

Dear UNITY:

In the paragraph "Is Unitarianism for College Men Only," in an issue of UNITY for March 16th, it seems to me that the writer, E. A. R., has entirely missed the point why Unitarians seek to establish Unitarian churches in college towns, even though those churches are "unable to support themselves in church-choked college communities." It is not because we believe that Unitarianism is "only adapted to the college mind" that we seek to plant and sustain churches in college towns, but just because we have faith in the power of the liberal ideals over the minds of the people if they can only come to them in the right way. The college brings together from widely scattered communities young men and women at a time of life when they are especially open to new ideas. The college atmosphere is one of inquiry and growth. A Unitarian church in a university or college town influences in many ways these young men and women, not only those who attend its services and unite with it, but the entire student body. Now no one ought to imagine for an instant that our aim reaches no farther than the individual student any more than one supposes that the aim of the professor in the class room extends no farther than to those who listen to his lectures. Education goes farther than that. When we reach the students we reach their home-towns and the communities to which they go from the college halls. A young man going back into his home community with advanced scientific ideas of farming raises the standards of the whole community. Many such young men going out transform in time the attitude of a state, a nation.

Does any one fancy that The South Dakota State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Engineering exists merely for the benefit of the few hundreds that attend it, and that the state and the federal governments pay large sums every year merely for the education of those students? The tone of the whole state is improved, its intellectual level raised, and its resources more adequately developed, by the mere existence of this school. It is no otherwise with religion. A young man, a young woman, returning from a liberal religious atmosphere to a home community dominated by hard, narrow, unprogressive religious ideas, carries the leaven of a broad, sweet, progressive religious spirit. Many such young men and women are going out to do their part in transforming a county, a state, a nation. They may not, very many of them, be instrumental in founding Unitarian churches. The majority of them will not carry with them the Unitarian name; yet they will have an incalculable part in the transformation of existing churches. It is just for the sake of "the little communities rising everywhere" in our land which you mention, that the work in college towns is maintained. These young men and women are to be the farmers, the mechanical engineers, the teachers, the doctors, the lawyers, in just those little communities where we cannot go, and where we would be rejected if we did go. They will not, many of them, preach Unitarianism, but they will preach our essential Gospel, preach it silently, surely, eloquently, through the years. The college community changes, students and professors come and go, and the liberal church in a college town has a hard and often a seemingly losing struggle, but it is worth while.

Cordially yours,

Brookings, South Dakota. ROBERT P. DOREMUS.

French Protestantism Since the Separation

That faithful co-worker in a world-wide Liberal Christian Faith, Prof. G. Bonet Maury, of the Free Theological Faculty of Paris, whose participation in the Parliament of Religion at Chicago in 1893, and again in the Congress of Liberal Religion at Boston in 1907 many will remember, a veteran whose heart is always young for liberty, writes in *Le Protestant* an interesting review of the French Protestant churches, five years after the Separation of Church and State in that country. He admits that the suppression of the Budget, or government appropriation for the support of worship in France, has had consequences far less serious for Protestants than for the Roman Catholics of that country.

This is to be explained by the difference in the principles of the two religions, and also by the very different attitudes which they assumed towards the law of the 9th of December, 1905. The Roman Church, founded upon the principle of authority, resisted a law which was democratic in character and threatened to give the control of congregational affairs largely into the hands of the laity. The crisis which followed has tended to reinforce still more its innate tendency towards autocratic monarchy and infallible authority. On the contrary, the Protestant churches, accustomed since the Reformation to a form of government elective and democratic, have accepted with graciousness and good-will the law of separation, despite its defects. Its two principal defects are, first, the limitation of the reserve or trust funds which may be held by *Associations Cultuelles,* i. e. church corporations, to a maximum of five times the amount of their actual revenue, and, second, the interdiction of the directive committees of the churches from receiving or distributing charitable funds. By virtue of this prohibition the Trustees of the church of the Oratory were recently prevented from receiving a charitable bequest of twenty-five thousand francs left it by a friend.

On the other hand the prompt acceptance by the Protestant churches of the Law of Separation has resulted in certain notable advantages to them. They have enjoyed during five years past the occupancy of the parish houses or parsonages, or, in default of these, the bestowal by the municipalities of sums of indemnity towards the housing of pastors, also the free use of edifices for their two faculties of theology, at Paris and Montauban, and for their seminaries. The property of their congregations, and the use of their church edifices have devolved upon their reorganized *Associations Cultuelles,* whilst other schools, asylums, etc., not pertaining to their worship, have been committed to them, in recognition of their public utility. Finally, their churches have benefited by a more perfect development of the fund for retiring allowances to pastors, and for the augmentation of pastoral and professional salaries which, under the former régime of a union with the State was only partially introduced. Hereafter every pastor or theological professor attaining the age of sixty-five years is assured of a life-pension larger than was formerly the case. During the past five years the Protestant churches have adequately met by voluntary contributions the expenses incidental to the support of their public worship, which formerly were provided for by the Civil Power.

The spiritual consequences of the separation are quite as favorable. It is true, an immediate result of the separation was to bring about in Protestant (and even more in Catholic) circles a diminution in the number of those choosing the pastoral vocation. Many young men, and their parents even more, found that the ecclesiastical career had become more precarious; the salaries provided by the faithful did not offer the same promise of stability as when paid out of the treasury of the State. It was attemped to remedy this inconvenience by instituting a central fund which augments the salary offered by the local church and affords retiring pensions for all pastors. This is still inadequate, and there is a necessity for the churches themselves to notably increase the salaries of their ministers. But if the number of candidates for the ministry has diminished, their quality has improved. One no longer sees young men enter this career from motives of personal advantage. The great majority of Protestant students in theology now-a-days is animated by a living piety and a determination to pursue a career of resolute service and sacrifice, not infrequently against the inclination of their parents.

It is to be regretted that in this time of separation the Protestants of France have not followed the example of their brethren in Geneva, and formed a united compact body, which would give them a great advantage in propagating their ideas among the Catholic masses, disgusted with the anti-republican reactions and anti-modernist sentiments of the higher clergy of their church. Their division into several distinct denominations is to be deeply regretted. But beyond these diverse groupings, which Prof. Bonet-Maury hopes will not survive certain prominent representatives of the sectarian spirit, the Protestants of France have felt the need of union among themselves. On the initiative of the venerable pastor Babut of Nismes they have founded the Federation of Protestant Churches for the defence of their common interests. The success of its first meeting, in October, 1909, was the happy augury of its future. The celebration of the jubilee anniversary of John Calvin at the Trocadero, in November of the same year, also displayed in a striking manner the solidarity of their churches in the field of history and ethics. A group of Protestant pastors has been formed to apply to social questions the principles of the Gospel of Christ.

In the last analysis, therefore, the Protestant churches of France have gained more than they have lost by the separation. It is this which quickens their spirits and rewards their sacrifices. Every church in Europe will be strengthened and inspired by their experience.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

The Tobacco Habit

A sincere young man said to me: "As a consistent Unitarian I decided long ago that I must give up the use of tobacco. Believing that I am saved by character, I have felt that everything which is detrimental to my body more or less degrades my soul." Is not this the proper attitude not only in our constant struggle for personal purity, for Plato's "whiteness" of soul so beautifully defined by our own Whittier, but as voluntary factors in the upward progression of mankind, as helpers-on of the evolution of the race towards a more perfect type, and as adequate members of society, it devolves upon us to maintain the highest possible standard of physical excellence. With all our endeavor to live consistent lives, we do useless and purposeless things; perhaps we cannot altogether avoid an occasional "break" of the sort, but that is very different from doing a useless thing every day and making it a routine habit, for a useless habit persisted in becomes an injurious one.

While the use of tobacco is not specifically forbidden in any moral code, or often condemned by

ethical teachers (ridicule, or an exaggerated denunciation of the "sin" and danger of cigarette smoking, is what we generally hear), in my opinion there are several very good reasons why the use of tobacco in any form should be regarded not only as a useless habit but as a pernicious one.

First, physically:—

Tobacco is a poison itself, and does not need the admixture of opium or other drugs to make it injurious. When introduced into the human body even in minute quantities, it induces disturbances of a more or less serious nature. When a person smokes for the first time, he becomes very sick,—his whole nervous system resents the effects of the narcotism. All color leaves his face and hands, his finger nails become purple, he grows faint, nausea comes on, and, in some cases, he falls into unconsciousness. The ordeal is really tragic when we realize that this struggle of the normal body is a legitimate resistance against the introduction into its economy of a substance utterly and absolutely foreign, unnecessary and useless to it.

I have never thought there was any fun or humor about the condition of a boy who has had his first smoke, but, on the other hand, much to pity in it; it betokens the hardening of innocence to wrong. The body as well as the mind will become habituated to deleterious influences, and, in time, the organs acquire a tolerance to tobacco so that the boy or the man will smoke without any apparent inconvenience. The same tolerance is acquired for other poisons; nothing affects you very much after you have become used to it; that is, it does not seem to affect you. But, although the slow, insidious poison has ceased to warn its victim, it does not necessarily cease to injure him. The effects will depend upon the amount consumed and the organization of the consumer. In some cases, the use of tobacco throughout life appears to have little effect one way or another, but we see the same thing in the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors and other poisons. Men who abuse their bodies in the most shameful way will live to be very old,—some compensatory process we do not understand allows them to live on regardless of their dissipations. But in nearly every case, there is a sharp response—a simple sowing brings in a tenfold reaping; the pleasant, early breeze turns out to be a devastating "whirlwind." We may have a "tobacco heart," a condition which has killed many men, or serious lesions of the throat supervene, resulting in death, as in the case of General Grant, Emperor Frederick and others. Several conditions are aggravated by the use of tobacco even in moderate quantities, and doctors advise their patients in such cases to abstain from tobacco.

It has always been a marvel to me how men who are intelligent, cultured, and in other respects personally cleanly, can tolerate the use of a substance so filthy as tobacco. In all its forms it is malodorous. It is incompatible in any mixture. It possesses persistent staining qualities, and, to most persons who do not use it, is disagreeable and even nauseating.

Little need be said of the man who chews tobacco,—society has taken care of him. The same is true of the user of snuff. And while familiarity and custom excuse the smoker, either of pipe, cigar or cigarette, his habit differs from the others only in degree. The cigar and cigarette smokers both irritate their mucous and nasal tracts with the sharp, pungent gas; they both swallow more or less tobacco by solution in the mouth,—the cigarette smoker's fingers are stained by nicotine. The user of a pipe gets less smoke but more nicotine, while the smoker of tobacco in any form in time becomes saturated with the essence of the weed; his very tissues reek with it. In fact you will hear old smokers say that they are immune to disease on account of this pickling. They will also tell you that their black teeth are so well stained that they will never decay! The smoker's breath as well as his saliva is contaminated by the peculiarly offensive odor of tobacco after it has undergone the inevitable chemical change in the mouth. The condition of some tobacco mouths is simply disgusting; old, blackened teeth, reddened mucous membranes of the mouth and tongue, odoriferous saliva and breath, a cave of rottenness. This is not a picture but the truth, as any physician or dentist can testify. It is pitiful to see men with such mouths attempt to cleanse them, and failing in this, taking cloves or other aromatic spices to disguise the real condition. Such are some of the physical results of the use of tobacco.

Second, ethically:—

I have never heard any person claim that he smoked for the good of his fellowman. He does not pretend that he smokes to further the kingdom of God in the world, or to help the poor, or even to improve his own character,—but simply to satisfy a craving for tobacco. It is then preëminently and in all respects a selfish habit without any utilitarian or ethical value. There is not a single reason why it should have been started, why it should be continued; there is every good reason why it should be discontinued.

Is there anything else which is so general and yet so useless, so selfish, so silly, so uncalled-for? And yet there are few things to which men will so adhere.

Third, morally:—

It is wrong to indulge in anything which damages the body. Whether the use of tobacco induces organic changes in the heart, alters nerve structure, irritates membranes, or merely induces local chemical changes, it has no business in the human economy and is a detriment thereto. Granting that the individual concerned may, if he desires, suffer some or all of these effects for the small gratification he secures (which, after all, is only an artificial stimulation and therefore not even a legitimate pleasure), he has no right to ask any one else to suffer annoyance for the satisfaction of a sensation which is of no benefit to himself or any one else. To ask such a personal privilege is surely the quintessence of selfishness. To give the matter a moment's thought is to acknowledge that the smoker's habit is one of the most egregiously inconsiderate in the world; an imposition upon mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, and an annoyance more or less real to friends and acquaintances who are not users of tobacco.

The average smoker does not realize this,—he is sublimely unconscious of his unparalleled want of kindness. He alone smokes in his house, his

patient wife endures it. After the manner of women whose long-suffering endurance towards those they love has not been sufficiently extolled, she even says that she likes the odor of a good cigar! So the son, or husband, or brother, or father indulges in his solitary vice, leaving the ashes of his gratification upon the library table, smoke to bring tears to the eyes of his company, and a pervasive smell to remind all who enter the room that this is a smoker's paradise. The wife who, like all women, is sensitive to odors must "put up" with a scented breath and moustache—because she loves her husband and he—loves to smoke! The indulgence of a habit then which asks so much of others in the way of sacrifice can not be of much use in character building, and in a Unitarian, at least, is highly inconsistent. It cannot be otherwise. Perhaps there is no user of tobacco who could not give up the habit if he wished; if so, few are inclined, for many acknowledge that they have not the will to try.

A well-known physician who died of a tobacco heart a few years ago told me after he had been advised to give up tobacco, that he should never make the effort. "I know it is killing me," he said, "but I can't help that. I would rather die of tobacco-heart than from tobacco heart ache!" A world-famed novelist whom I advised to give up excessive smoking confessed to me that he could not do so. "If I did," he said, "I would fall to pieces like a ripe blossom. If I drop tobacco something will have to take its place, either whiskey or opium. It's that necessary to me." You say that these are extreme cases. How do you know? Those who claim that they can drop tobacco anytime, always, I notice, begin again! And they always begin just at the point where the test comes in, and, as they yield, say, There! I have demonstrated my ability to stop at any time! All will readily acknowledge that this slavery—conscious or unconscious—to narcotism must be damaging to character. The realization of a loss of manliness and power of will involves a loss of self-respect, and is demoralizing in the extreme. It is sad but true that many have given up real things for this selfish gratification, and Kipling's hero who made his final choice between a sweet girl and a box of cigars, is not uncommon:

Last and greatly least, is the money consideration.

For a woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a smoke.

It costs something to smoke, and the great world has many needs for money. The aggregate cost of all the tobacco consumed in the world would go a long way towards greater comfort to the deserving poor of our cities. By giving up a useless pleasure we could give others real joy. Make a quiet resolve, my friend, and smoke your last cigar!

E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

Holualoa, Hawaii.

Good Books

From the Macmillan Co. I get "Jim Hands," by Richard Washburn Child. The only poor thing about this book is its title. It is not only full of fun, but it is full of social philosophy, expressed in Jim Hands' language. There is something of Dickens about the book, and we believe that Mr. Child can do some better work even than this. There are half a dozen characters in the book that could be used over again—especially the Irish mother-in-law. It is almost a pity that Catherine was married off at the end of the book.

From the same firm I have an extremely timely book, "The Conservation of Natural Resources," by Prof. Van Hise, of Wisconsin University. It is a book that a good citizen can hardly get along without. It is full of information on forestry, water resources, land waste and land soil making—giving the very latest on thousands of farm questions. The book in fact was needed, and it is wonderfully well done.

From the same house, Macmillan Co., I get Mr. E. E. Slosson's book on American Universities. For a college man this is a book of extraordinary value—indispensable. It is superbly illustrated and judiciously written. It gives us an admirably well ordered lot of information, but at no point is unduly loaded down with facts. Now that the Agricultural Colleges are coming to the front, with industrial education, we need to know the real power and value of these classical schools; to understand just how near they came to giving us a completed system of education, but how unfortunately they gave us too much medievalism in method and too much of the lead in substance.

From the same house we have another book, "The Social Basis of Religion," by Prof. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania. This is a scholarly book, but intensely practical. It discusses a large number of topics that are just now of special interest to the church as well as society.

"Alongshore," from the Macmillan house, is the work of Stephen Reynolds. I do not get deeply interested in this book, and it grows monotonous to me as I try to read it. It is, however, unique, and has a freshness, that is if you read but one chapter at a time. You had better take it in that way, and I think it will pay you to own the book.

From the Macmillan Company I have received one of the best country books that I have ever seen. It is written by Prof. Ogden of Cornell University, and is entitled, "Rural Hygiene." The book is a compact cyclopedia of information for families living in the country. It goes over the ground with thoroughness, but there is not a superfluous word in the book. It speaks of water supply, sewage, milk and meat, foods and beverages, personal habits, disinfection, tuberculosis and pneumonia, typhoid fever, children's diseases and parasitical diseases, antitoxins and the general laws of hygiene. It is completely up to date, and ought to save thousands of lives and prevent a vast amount of wasted health and strength. It is a thoroughly admirable book.

I gave a very strong commendation of Frenssen's "Klaus Baas." I had not quite finished the book; and I must modify my praise by saying that in three or four places his method runs into offensive vulgarity—for such expressions are not necessary in print, and they greatly discount a thorough discussion of social habits. I agree with the author, however, that we must face this social problem, and must discuss the subject and handle it with frankness.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES.

Personal

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wendte will depart on May 30 for England, with the intention of remaining the year following in Europe. Mr. Wendte will visit in turn the various liberal religious associations affiliated with the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals, and bring them the greetings of the American Unitarian Association, and will in other ways during his stay seek to further the interests of international fellowship, free and religious thought, and social progress. After May 15 he may be addressed care of British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C., England.

Education and Battleships

The National Bureau of Education asked the Congress that has just adjourned for an additional appropriation of $75,000, to enable it to meet constantly growing demands and opportunities for service. It got $7,600—about one-tenth of what it asked. Glen Edwards, of the Russell Sage Foundation, writes in the *Journal of Education*:

"In no other department of national activity has advance been so slow and difficult as in that which is represented by the Bureau of Education. It has tried year after year for nearly fifty years to win the favor of an unsympathetic Congress. This it has failed absolutely to do.

"A few weeks ago one of the most stupendous engines of war ever built by civilized man slid into the water at Norfolk, Va. She will carry in her main battery 12 twelve-inch guns, valued at $720,000; or more than enough to pay the salaries of the entire force now employed in the Bureau of Education for twelve years. She will carry 21 five-inch guns valued at $193,200; or more than enough to employ a force of ten field specialists in education for six years. She will cost the nation $9,000,000 in repairs and maintenance in 20 years; or nearly three and one-half times as much as the bureau has cost the government in more than 40 years. At the end of 20 years she will have depreciated in value 100 per cent, and will have cost the nation to build and support in time of peace not less than $20,000,000; or nearly four and one-half times as much as the work of the bureau, including the Alaska service, has cost in more than four decades. Have we anything to show what this war vessel really means? In the filthy mud of a foreign port lies her prototype, a grisly, forsaken memorial to wicked sacrifices of human life, misuse of man's most heroic qualities, wounds, greed, starvation, disease, suffering, sorrow, grief, and the widows and the orphans of civilized nations. This is what it all means in the last analysis. As these facts drive their way to our hearts, is it a pleasant thing to learn that, while the whole country is alive to the need of a fuller knowledge concerning facts of human life and happiness, there are men who refuse $75,000 to the Bureau of Education, and permit themselves a few days later to grace with pomp and ceremony the launching of an $11,000,000 battleship?"

Special Temperance Number of the Youths' Instructor

EDITOR UNITY:

May I commend to your readers, especially parents and Sunday-school teachers, who may be interested in securing valuable temperance reading for young people, the very beautifully printed special number of the *Youths' Instructor* for March 10, 1911? The illustrations are fine and numerous, filling its 36 pages—about the size of *Unity*. Among its many valuable articles are contributions from President David Starr Jordan, Gov. R. B. Glenn, Dr. W. T. Grenfell, Rev. Dr. George P. Dourhov (Smithsonian Institution), Dr. Howard A. Kelly (chief surgeon Johns Hopkins Hospital), Wm. H. DeLacy, Judge of Juvenile Court, Washington, D. C., and one on "An Auto and a Boy" by myself. The magazine is frankly devoted to prohibition, but in a very sane manner, and even one who is not a prohibitionist will find it attractive and instructive. Ten cents a copy or five cents a copy in packages of five to forty copies to one address. Address the editor, Mrs. Fannie D. Chase, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

J. H. CROOKER.

Roslindale, Boston.

Great Moral Leaders of the Orient

In response to numerous requests (538 to date) to have his recent series of twelve lectures on "Great Moral Leaders of the Orient" published in book-form, Mr. Alfred W. Martin, Associate Leader of the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, has consented to prepare his notes on eight of the series for the press. This book will include the introductory lecture on "The Ethics of Appreciation" and the lectures on Gotama, Zoroaster, Confucius, Moses, the Prophets of Israel, Jesus, Paul, Mohammed. Seven engravings will illustrate the book.

Persons wishing to have one or more copies of this volume at one dollar each, should address Mr. Martin at 995 Madison avenue, New York City. The edition will be limited to one thousand copies.

Cosmopolitan Clubs

An impressive exhibition of the power of the Cosmopolitan Clubs in American colleges and universities for practical service is afforded by the collections which have just been made by many groups of students in these organizations for the relief of the sufferers from the famine in China. The prompting for this effort by the students came from Mr. Taraknath Das, a Hindu student in the University of Washington, who had himself seen famine in India and felt deeply the tragedy of the situation in China. The Board of Directors of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs issued an appeal to all the chapters; and nearly a thousand dollars has been raised by the students, and sent to the Red Cross Society. The students of the University of Wisconsin have collected $500; the students of the University of Washington, $150; Park College in Missouri, $50; Worcester, $70, with various amounts from many other chapters.

Many new Cosmopolitan Clubs have recently been organized at Union College, Schenectady, Clark College, Worcester, Dartmouth College, the University of Minnesota, the University of West Virginia, and elsewhere. There are now about forty chapters in the country, with a total student membership of nearly 2,500. The association is to be strongly represented at the International Students' Congress at Rome in September.

The Dying Message of Paracelsus, with an introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. In decorated envelope. Paper, net.....50c

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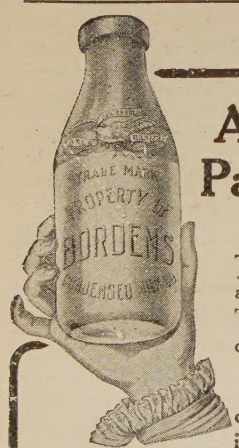

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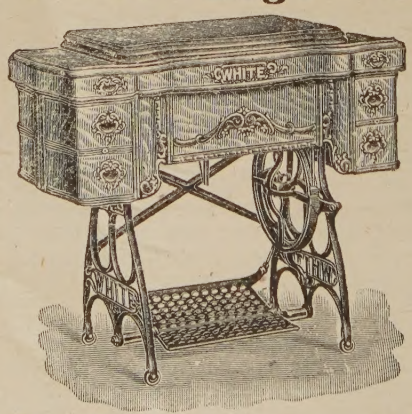
Rolled Edge Automatic Lift White



A handsome, finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball bearings, and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Repairs and Parts for All Machines.

Machines Taken in Exchange.

White Sewing Machine Company
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